



VOL. XVI.

AUGUST 1, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 28, 1848.

NO. 52.



OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN.

### STOCK RAISING IN MAINE.

The interior of Maine is well fitted for grazing, and after somewhat of a stagnation in the business, our farmers are again turning their attention to it. There is a prevalent desire to obtain the best breeds and to rear good cattle, and some have correct notions in regard to it. The majority, however, lack system in their operations. They are guided too much by a penny wise and pound foolish principle. They seek for the cheapest breeders—pay no attention to form or "comeliness"—have little or no idea of peculiarity of breed, and know but little and care less about "blue blooded" or "grade." The natural consequence is, their cattle are neither one thing nor another. There is no fixed characteristic to it. It is made up of a little of every thing, and is constantly varying. Experience has demonstrated that a fixed system is as necessary to arrive at excellence in this business as in every thing else. Experience also shows that certain breeds of cattle have now become so fixed in certain peculiar characteristics that they are, when of pure blood, as sure to propagate similar characteristics as is the white race of men, or the African tribes.

This being admitted, it is plain that every farmer should first consider his means for rearing stock, and then select a breed that will suit his taste and his pastures. There is now no need of sending to England for any of their breeds to begin with, at an enormous expense. They can all be found in different sections of the United States in great perfection, and as pure blood, as they can be found in "fancier land."

Durham, Hereford, Devonshire, Ayrshire, Galloway, and Alderney, all can be found and obtained at reasonable rates, without crossing the water. Why are they not more abundant in Maine? Because of the want of system among our cattle breeders. That we may be more clearly understood, let us state the mode of management in too many sections of our State. The first trouble is a fear of incurring necessary expense. Hence you will find many farmers who have large herds of cattle, will seldom keep a bull—and hence, also, you will find that those who do occasionally keep one, are careful to get a cheap one, and whether good or bad, will not keep him after he is two years old. Bulls, generally, after they pass that age, get unruly about farms, and unless kept up are a trouble, and hence they are slaughtered, or get rid of in some other way, and some chance is left to next year to take his place. Is it strange that the cattle of farmers who manage in that way, should be a medley of all sorts, sizes, colors and characters? Certainly not. There is another folly often committed by farmers. If perchance some one in a neighborhood should incur the expense and trouble to get a good breeder—a full blood, a good animal—and if by way of compensation should ask a fair fee for his services, some capricious neighbor dares up, abuses him and his animal, and flies round and obtains some tinypenny critter to stand in opposition. The best way to meet such competition, is to take no notice of it. If you have obtained a good animal for a breeder, and he proves himself such, keep him for your own use and the use of those who have sense enough to discriminate and liberality enough to patronize him—and keep him, too, as long as his age will allow him to be serviceable, or there is too great a risk of breeding in and in too much. It is an excellent plan to train them to work, and let them have good keeping and moderate labor; this will render them useful in more ways than one, and prevent much of their unruliness. By following this course, a series of years—attaching yourself to some particular breed or breeds—keeping them pure in blood, and pursuing a high-minded, independent course, your stock will attain a character and a reputation which will gain the respect of all, and be valuable to the country and to the market. Those few farmers in Maine who have pursued this course, have done well, and those who may adopt it will do vastly better than they can by their present helter skelter course.

### AGRICULTURE THE LEADING INTEREST.

It is supposed that three fourths of the population of the country are employed in agriculture; the other quarter being divided among all other employments and professions. Besides, the mechanic, the manufacturer, the merchant, and the professional man are all mainly dependent upon the farmers for patronage and support. When the farmers as a class are prosperous, all the others participate in their prosperity. From this it follows, that whatever benefits the agricultural class, directly benefits three fourths of the people, and indirectly benefits the other fourth.

Surely, then, the farmers have a right to demand of government the means to sustain their agricultural societies, and to collect and disseminate important information relative to their calling. Let the light of science and education be brought to the aid of agriculture. Let our resources be developed, and the skill and industry of the husbandman be directed into their proper channels, and results would soon be attained in which not only the farmer could rejoice, but the whole community with him.

### AGE OF SHEEP DETERIORATES THEIR WOOL.

It has been observed, by the most experienced wool-growers, that the older the sheep the less fine the wool. The wool is said to be of the best quality when the sheep is from two to five years of age—after that it deteriorates.

Mr. Blanchard, of New York, states that he has known flocks that yielded wool that sorted number one when young, when older sorted down to number two or three.

Those who wish to grow the first grade of wool, should keep young sheep. Some go so far as not to use a buck after he is four years old.

BANKS. An exchange says that there are seven hundred and seventy-eight banks in the United States, and their capital amounts to two hundred and ten millions of dollars.

### SCREENING OATS FOR SEED.

There cannot be a doubt but that it is good economy to separate the best seed from the poorest, when you wish to sow any, and not put the whole, good and bad, indiscriminately into the ground. There are various modes of doing this, but the cheapest and quickest way, when you wish to separate grain, is to pass it through a screen or sieve, so constructed as to allow the smallest and most shrivelled grains to pass through, while the largest and most plump kernels are retained. Any one who has tried this experiment, and noticed the results on his crop, would not fail to continue the process every spring when he was about to sow. It is evident that this manner of sowing is better than the old one, and that the best seed must be beneficial to the crop, for, during its earliest start, the blade is dependent upon the seed formed by the germination of the seed. This operation may be done occasionally in the winter, and the best grains laid aside for seed, and the ordinary ones that pass through the sieve, be fed out to horses, cattle, or to poultry.

### GRAFTING THE APPLE INTO THE PEAR.

Has any one in this section ever tried the experiment of grafting the apple into the pear? A friend of ours informs us that he once met with a tree of this kind in the garden of a friend in England, and that the apples had a peculiar flavor, somewhat like a pear, and whether the flavor was peculiar to the variety of apples, or whether it was occasioned by the influence of the stock, he was not able to say.

As a general thing, a pear stock is more valuable to engraft pears upon than apples, but as an experiment in ascertaining what influence such a stock may have upon the graft, it may be interesting.

The pear, unless attacked by the modern disease called the blight, will live longer than the apple tree generally does, and it is possible that the apple graft, if the union is not too ungenerous, may be the means of prolonging the duration of the variety. Little, or indeed nothing is known in regard to that at present.

### TEA PLANT.

Mr. Holmes—I have for some time had the privilege of reading the Maine Farmer, and think it an excellent paper. I am well pleased with the accounts it gives of the improvements that have been made in farming and are still being made, and also in mechanics, &c. But there is one plant (though not a native of this country) that I have not seen mentioned in your paper till the 30th of November last. Sir, I have had tea grow in my garden as long as ten or twelve years ago. I did not know how to cure it, and gave up the cultivation. But the plant has continued to come up when the ground is cultivated. I have saved some seed this year. I do not know what experiment has been made in this country in regard to tea; but if you will give us an account how to cure it, I have no doubt but there will be trials for improvement. I send you some of the seed. It came from seed that was said to be brought from India by a young woman, done up in paper to cure her hair.

Montville, Dec. 6, 1848.

### AGRICULTURAL PAPERS.

That agricultural papers have done much in awakening a spirit of inquiry and improvement among farmers, will not be denied by any close observer of the events of the last fifteen or twenty years. Many improvements have been made in stock, agricultural implements, and the methods of cultivation and farm management, and almost every farm in the country has been reached, either directly or indirectly by some of these improvements. Agriculture stands higher than formerly in the estimation of the whole community; and farmers themselves seem more aware of the true dignity and importance of their profession. Practical men, and men of science and taste have turned their attention to the farm, and there have found an occupation, peaceful and attractive, in which labor, capital, scientific knowledge and taste may be successfully employed.

A very great addition has been made to the stock of agricultural knowledge. Information has been collected from almost every quarter, and through the medium of agricultural publications this has been widely disseminated, awakening thought and inciting others to investigation. The farmer has now spread before him the results of careful experiments in every department of agriculture, and lessons from the experience of thousands who have devoted their attention to the subject. He is early made acquainted with the merits of improved stock, seeds and implements, and the sources from which they may be obtained. He has better tools to work with, and, of course, is able to do more and better work.

The President of the New York State Agricultural Society, in his annual address thus speaks of agricultural papers: "The tone of feeling, and the spirit of inquiry, which it was one great object of the society to excite and increase, have also been drawn out, sustained and strengthened, by the able, industrious and zealous editors of our agricultural papers. And I cannot forbear to speak, in terms of the highest commendation, of their efforts so systematically and well persevered in. They have been of the greatest assistance to the society, in keeping it, its objects, and its operations before the mass of the farmers; showing that it was something, and was doing something, and was worthy of attention. Without their powerful aid, it may well be doubted whether what we have done could have been accomplished—perhaps I might say, begun. No other State in the Union can boast of possessing so many and so invaluable agricultural papers as New York. And while I feel bound to express the thanks of the society to their editors, I feel authorized to say that not a single farmer in the State should fail to take, and to keep to read and to study, one or more of them."

### INTERESTING STATEMENT.

We copy the following from the Transactions of the New York Agricultural Society, for 1847. Many of our farmers in Maine have more land than Mr. Beckwith and make less profit. Perhaps they will receive some useful hint by a perusal.

CHEESE—CHAUNCEY BECKWITH'S STATEMENT. I present three cheeses for a premium, made during the month of June, from twenty cows, in the following manner, viz: milk warmed to eighty-five degrees, sufficient rennet added to curd it hard enough to work in fifteen minutes; scalded, by heating the whey over a dairy stove, and pouring on, gradually, until the curd is heated to 100 degrees, and kept at that until hard enough; one pound of salt to thirty pounds of green cheese; pressed twenty-four hours, and turned once during the pressing; turned once a day upon the shelf, once in two days.

CHAUNCEY BECKWITH'S STATEMENT, of product and expenses of his farm, situated in the town of Columbia, Herkimer county, for the year 1847.

Said farm consists of 100 acres, 35 of which is under improvement, on which I have kept 2 horses and 21 cows; 37 acres to pasture, 35 to meadow, 8 to oats, 2 to corn, 1 to wheat, 1-2 to sowed corn, 3-4 to potatoes.

ACCOUNT CURRENT.	
Made 12,000 lbs. cheese, sold at 7c.	\$840.00
" 100 do do, " 8c.	80.00
" 100 do do, " 9c.	90.00
" 100 do do, " 10c.	100.00
" 100 do do, " 11c.	110.00
" 100 do do, " 12c.	120.00
" 100 do do, " 13c.	130.00
" 100 do do, " 14c.	140.00
" 100 do do, " 15c.	150.00
" 100 do do, " 16c.	160.00
" 100 do do, " 17c.	170.00
" 100 do do, " 18c.	180.00
" 100 do do, " 19c.	190.00
" 100 do do, " 20c.	200.00
" 100 do do, " 21c.	210.00
" 100 do do, " 22c.	220.00
" 100 do do, " 23c.	230.00
" 100 do do, " 24c.	240.00
" 100 do do, " 25c.	250.00
" 100 do do, " 26c.	260.00
" 100 do do, " 27c.	270.00
" 100 do do, " 28c.	280.00
" 100 do do, " 29c.	290.00
" 100 do do, " 30c.	300.00
" 100 do do, " 31c.	310.00
" 100 do do, " 32c.	320.00
" 100 do do, " 33c.	330.00
" 100 do do, " 34c.	340.00
" 100 do do, " 35c.	350.00
" 100 do do, " 36c.	360.00
" 100 do do, " 37c.	370.00
" 100 do do, " 38c.	380.00
" 100 do do, " 39c.	390.00
" 100 do do, " 40c.	400.00
" 100 do do, " 41c.	410.00
" 100 do do, " 42c.	420.00
" 100 do do, " 43c.	430.00
" 100 do do, " 44c.	440.00
" 100 do do, " 45c.	450.00
" 100 do do, " 46c.	460.00
" 100 do do, " 47c.	470.00
" 100 do do, " 48c.	480.00
" 100 do do, " 49c.	490.00
" 100 do do, " 50c.	500.00
" 100 do do, " 51c.	510.00
" 100 do do, " 52c.	520.00
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" 100 do do, " 65c.	650.00
" 100 do do, " 66c.	660.00
" 100 do do, " 67c.	670.00
" 100 do do, " 68c.	680.00
" 100 do do, " 69c.	690.00
" 100 do do, " 70c.	700.00
" 100 do do, " 71c.	710.00
" 100 do do, " 72c.	720.00
" 100 do do, " 73c.	730.00
" 100 do do, " 74c.	740.00
" 100 do do, " 75c.	750.00
" 100 do do, " 76c.	760.00
" 100 do do, " 77c.	770.00
" 100 do do, " 78c.	780.00
" 100 do do, " 79c.	790.00
" 100 do do, " 80c.	800.00
" 100 do do, " 81c.	810.00
" 100 do do, " 82c.	820.00
" 100 do do, " 83c.	830.00
" 100 do do, " 84c.	840.00
" 100 do do, " 85c.	850.00
" 100 do do, " 86c.	860.00
" 100 do do, " 87c.	870.00
" 100 do do, " 88c.	880.00
" 100 do do, " 89c.	890.00
" 100 do do, " 90c.	900.00
" 100 do do, " 91c.	910.00
" 100 do do, " 92c.	920.00
" 100 do do, " 93c.	930.00
" 100 do do, " 94c.	940.00
" 100 do do, " 95c.	950.00
" 100 do do, " 96c.	960.00
" 100 do do, " 97c.	970.00
" 100 do do, " 98c.	980.00
" 100 do do, " 99c.	990.00
" 100 do do, " 100c.	1000.00

Net profit, \$254.62

I make this statement, not for the purpose of boasting, but with a hope, that other common farmers will be induced to make similar statements. It is believed that the statements usually made and published, are of farms in a very high state of cultivation, and if not extravagantly made, show a large yield and large profit, better calculated to discourage, than to encourage farmers in moderate circumstances. My farm consists of one hundred acres, situated some seven miles south of the Erie canal, and is about nine hundred feet above its level. The soil is gravelly loam, the timber mainly beech and maple, with elm and basswood, eighty acres under improvement; have kept cows two seasons; when I commenced, the farm had been for several years fed close by sheep, and was not in a good situation for keeping cows. My family consists of myself, wife and four small children. I am a slender man, not able to do heavy work; have made the cheese, and done some chores. Have kept my cows always in good condition; have fed hay usually during winter; when I feed straw, some meal is fed, so as to make the keeping equal to good hay, from about the first of March, I feed two

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The past season, with us, has been one of unusual moisture; is so recorded by the weather clerks, and will be referred to in coming time as "the rainy season;" yet the bottles were sealed up for a time, at a most important period, which enabled the farmer to secure a most bountiful crop of hay. Corn and oats, too, are abundant, and the ways farmers "put in" for these, especially the latter, were neither few nor small. Our wheat crop may be regarded as a failure; though red beard, sowed about the middle of June, has yielded a fair return for labor bestowed; the successful growing of wheat sowed at so late a time, is at variance with our former modes, and would seem to denote atmospheric changes.

Of the potato, it is hardly necessary for me to speak; the unseen destroyer has visited alike the cultivators of this root in every land; but I am strong in the faith, that he will again retire, when the potato will resume its wonted fulness. The failure of the two great staples, wheat and potatoes, has sadly diminished the profits of farming in Maine; for the time has been when the farmer could rely at all times upon bread made from the wheat of his raising, and meet his grocery bills with the proceeds of sales from his surplus potato crop; nevertheless, the country has continued steadily to advance in resources, and in all the means conducive to the substantial comfort of the people. The causes are obvious to the most casual observer; the country is dotted over, and apparently sowed broadcast, with a population unsurpassed for industry and intelligence. We know no pastimes but those of productive labor. We eat, work, and sleep, and then we eat, work, and sleep again.

Should a circus or a caravan be approaching, they are forthwith warned off by the farmers of the towns, in fear that the purses of the dear people would be found minus a quarter. In the improved condition of the country, may be noticed a corresponding improvement in all our domestic animals. Some half century since, when our forests first echoed with the pioneer's axe, when our cattle were raised on brown and sheltered in hovels, a pair of oxen six feet in girth were quite as much of a novelty as a yoke of seven feet are now.

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Of the potato, it is hardly necessary for me to speak; the unseen destroyer has visited alike the cultivators of this root in every land; but I am strong in the faith, that he will again retire, when the potato will resume its wonted fulness. The failure of the two great staples, wheat and potatoes, has sadly diminished the profits of farming in Maine; for the time has been when the farmer could rely at all times upon bread made from the wheat of his raising, and meet his grocery bills with the proceeds of sales from his surplus potato crop; nevertheless, the country has continued steadily to advance in resources, and in all the means conducive to the substantial comfort of the people. The causes are obvious to the most casual observer; the country is dotted over, and apparently sowed broadcast, with a population unsurpassed for industry and intelligence. We know no pastimes but those of productive labor. We eat, work, and sleep, and then we eat, work, and sleep again.

Should a circus or a caravan be approaching, they are forthwith warned off by the farmers of the towns, in fear that the purses of the dear people would be found minus a quarter. In the improved condition of the country, may be noticed a corresponding improvement in all our domestic animals. Some half century since, when our forests first echoed with the pioneer's axe, when our cattle were raised on brown and sheltered in hovels, a pair of oxen six feet in girth were quite as much of a novelty as a yoke of seven feet are now.

Respectfully yours,  
HERBERT BURNHAM.  
Dismal, Me., Oct. 28, 1848.  
(N. E. Farmer.)

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The Muse.

THE RETURNING PESTILENCE.

By JOHN C. LORR, D. D.

By river and fountain,  
By desert and plain,  
Over valley and mountain,  
I am coming again  
To execute judgment—angel of wrath,  
With terror and anguish and death in my path.

In the East I judge;  
On the dark legions sweeping;  
In the old Hindoostan  
Was waiting and weeping.

From the plague-stricken city, 'tween the Parian fies,  
And Gunga, corpse-buried, rolls on to the sea.

On the flower-scented gale  
Is the faint of my breath,  
And Persian wares wait,  
For the Angel of Death.

In the land of the rose his shadow light cast,  
And rises the hopes of his heart as he passed.

Then Siberian snows  
In my passage I crossed,  
And the dead wall rose,  
In the regions of frost;

For the ice-mountain's made was no defence,  
'Gainst the life-quelling touch of the pestilence.

By the sign of salvation  
I passed for a time;  
From each Christian altar  
Rose voices of crime.

Though the symbol was there, the substance was gone,  
To the harvest of death, I passed speedily on.

Then Russia—the cold—  
In my path way I swept,  
And in Moscow the old  
Grey-headed head wept.

Who saw without tears, their palace swept,  
For him whose commission at Moscow expired.

And onward advancing,  
Like a strong man from wine,  
Where the sunbeams are dancing  
In the land of the vine,

With the step of a giant's wine-press I tread,  
Before me the living—behind me the dead.

Weep Maids of Vienna!  
How 'twill be a lesson!  
The gates of Gehenna  
Are opening for doom.

The plague-cart shall wait by your mansions of pride,  
The rich with the poor to the dark house shall ride.

At the last I shall sail  
For the star-battered West,  
And my bark shall sail  
O'er the ocean's broad breast.

To land one—long-dreaded—tho' ship-mates may sleep,  
Where, o'er the sea buried, the Mermaidens weep.

The Story-Teller.

AUNT MAGWIRE

Continues her account of the Sewing Society.

BY FRANK.

I wish to gracious you could attend one of our Sewing Society's. You never see nothing to beat 'em, I'll be bound for 't.

We've had new now. At the first one, at Squire Birsley's, there was twenty-five present.

Miss Birsley had cut some shirts out of 'Cap'n Sam's' cloth, and as fast as they come in she 'em work, but there was so much talkin' in the row there was precious little sewin' done.

Her tongues went a good deal faster 'n their fingers did, and the worst one was they was all a runnin' at once. There was an everlastin' 't' of talkin', but it did seem as if they wouldn't never come to no decision in creation.

'Twa'n't expected we should dew much at the first meetin' mo'n to elect the managers, and make up our minds how often we should meet—and I begun to think we shouldn't dew even that much there was such a sight of 'discussin' and disputin' about everything.

Some was for meetin' once a week, and some thought 'twas altogether too often. Some was for stayin' to tea, and some was opposed to it. Some thought 'twould be a good plan to stay and work evenin's, and some was of opinion 'twouldn't pay, bein' as we'd have to burn so many candles and lamps. There wa'n't nothin' said about what object we'd work for at the first meetin'—thought we'd leave that till next time.

Well, we talked and talked, and talked, and the upshot on't was, Miss Birsley was appointed president—Miss Ben Stillman, Miss Dr. Lippincott and Miss Deacon Fustick, managers—Polly Mariah Stillman, secretary, and Liddy Ann Buil, treasurer. Moreover, we agreed to meet once a fortnight, at ten o'clock in the afternoon, stay to tea, and work till dark. When we'd got through with our business, we had tea—quite a plain tea. Miss Birsley don't approve o' makin' 'em dew 'till for sewin' society—because if ye dew, there'll be some that'll feel as if they couldn't afford to have it to their houses. She didn't give us but one kind o' cake, but 'twas light and good, and so was the bread, and we had sliced meat and cheese. Miss Birsley didn't say nothin' about it, but she hoped the rest would follow her example. I made up my mind I would, anyhow, whether the rest did or not.

Well, the ladies all eat as if they liked it, and they praised up everything at a wonderful rate. They never laid tooth to such bread in all their lives; the butter was superdine; the cold meat was delicious; and for the cake, it was a mystery to them how Miss Birsley managed to always have such first rate cake. Miss Deacon Peabody declared she'd eat such a hearty supper she was afraid she should be sick. After tea, Miss Jo Gipsen invited us to meet at their house next time, and then we went home. While we was in the bed-room a puttin' on our things, I heard Miss Peabody whisper to Miss Stillman and say, "Did you ever see anything to beat that tea in all creation and so?" No 'spearves at all!" "I never did," says Miss Stillman. "If I can't give 'em a better tea when they meet to our house, I'll give 'em."

Well, at the next meetin' there was about the same number present, and we talked up what we'd dew with the money. The difficulty was, the members couldn't agree upon nothin'—some wanted to work for this object, and some wanted to work for that. Miss Skinner and some o' the rest thought we'd ought to sew for the missionaries, but most on 'em opposed it, 'cause they wanted to see what become o' the money. Miss Stillman thought 'twould be a good plan to establish a school for the colored ones—I 'pose the professor put her up to it—but nobody else didn't seem to be in favor on't. Sister Bedott, (she attended,) she said she never agreed to that, 'twould be money throw'd away, for niggers would be niggers, dew what you would to elevate 'em. Miss Fustick, (she come in and not a spell with her things on—said she couldn't stay long, just dropped in on her way to the Maternal Society meetin'), she thought we couldn't dew better 'n to give the avails of our labor to the "Sons o' Temperance."

"Sons o' yer granny," says Liddy Ann Buil, says she, (you know she and Miss Fustick's a quarrelin'). When she spoke up so, Miss Fustick looked awful mad, and got up to go; when she reached the door, she turned round and says she, "Forbear, Miss Buil would rather work for the 'Old Maids' Consolation Society' that they talk of formin'."

tomorrow, ladies!" and off she cut afore Liddy Ann had time to answer. The gals all interceded, and Liddy Ann look wonderful wondrous, and if Miss Birsley hadn't smoothed it over in her cunning way, she laughed, and says she, "What, Miss Buil, you gals don't mean to help the old maids, I 'pose? I say let 'em take care o' themselves." Liddy Ann grinned and lookt quite satisfied.

Well, they talked and talked and talked, just as they did at the first meetin', to no more purpose neither, only to get more riled up than they did then. It seemed as if every body had got a particular pint to carry and was determined the rest should yield to it. I tried a number o' times to make a proposition I'd thought on, but there was so many that talked louder and faster 'n I could, that I couldn't for the life o' me git nobody to listen to me. At last I went to Miss Birsley and told her my idea, and xed her what she thought on't. She said she liked the notion. "Well, then, you propose it," says I, "for I can't git 'em to listen to me if I try till Doomsday." So she spoke out, and says she, "Ladies!" but there was such a racket nobody didn't hear her. So she tried agin: "Ladies, I say!" but still they didn't pay no attention. Then she took the tongue and knockt on the stove as loud as ever she could. "Order!" says she. They stoppt talkin' then, and lookt round to see what she wanted. "Ladies," says she, "Miss Magwire has proposed an object to work for that strikes me as an excellent one. She thinks we'd better raise enough to repair the meetin'-house, and for my part, I think we couldn't dew better; the meetin'-house is in a miserable condition; the plasterin' a comin' off in ever so many places, and the pulpit's a forlorn old thing, away up in the air; it's enough to break a body's neck to look at the minister, and shakes like an old egg-shell. Mr. Tuttle says he's a'most afraid to go into it. Don't you think 'twould be a good plan to tear it down and build another? Now don't all speak at once. We never shall dew nothing in creation if we don't have some sort of order. Miss Skinner, what's your opinion?"

Well, Miss Skinner was delighted with the idea, and so was the Grimeses, and the Fosters, and the Peabodys. Miss Peabody said the Baptists and the Episcopal was all a pintin' at us for lettin' our house o' worship be in such a condition. Miss John Brewster said she'd long thought our meetin'-house was a disgrace to the village; she'd no doubt but what 'twould be an advantage to the cause o' religion to repair it, for Widder Pettibone told her we'd had a decent meetin'-house here wouldn't a went off and joined the Episcopal, but she got so disgusted with the old nasty house, and so tired a stretchin' her neck to see the minister, that she couldn't stand it no longer.

"The dear me!" says Charity Grimes, "I want to know if she gives that as a reason! Why, everybody knows she went there 'cause Curnel Dykeman's an Episcopal!"

"Yes," says Polly Mariah Stillman, "I guess it's generally known what took her there."

"She's a wonderful oneasy critter," says Miss Peabody; "she's been a Baptist and a Presbyterian, and now she's an Episcopal. I wonder what she'll be next."

"Well, it 'cause she's a widder," says Glory Ann Billins. "I never know'd a widder yet but what was as oneasy as a fish out o' water. I rally believe it's nat'ral 'er 'em."

"Just so," says Liddy Ann Buil; "widder's will be widder's."

"Not if they can help it," says I. I was sorry as soon as I said it, Sister Bedott lookt so mad. I tell ye she gin me an awful blowin' up when we got home—said everybody in the room thought I meant her, and she didn't mean to go to the meetin' no more. I don't know whether she will or not.

Well, they'd got hold o' the Widder Pettibone, and they didn't let her drop right off; if her ears didn't burn that afternoon, I'm mistaken. Some on 'em got so engaged talkin' about her they stoppt sewin' intirely. Bymyself, Miss Birsley got out o' patience, and knockt on the stove. "Order!" says she. When they got still, says I, "When the ladies have got the Widder Pettibone sufficiently downed up, I'd like to have 'em take hold and dew their shirts." "Law me," says old Aunt Betsy Crocker, "they ain't a dewin' her up; they're a pickin' on her to pieces." Aunt Betsy ain't no great talker, but when she does speak she always says something to the pint. She's a real clever old soul, good to everybody, dumb critters and all. She was disappointed when she was young, so she ain't never got married; lives all alone; nobody in the house but her and Gruff, her old dog. She thinks the world o' Gruff. I went in to see her one evenin' last winter. Gruff was asleep on a rug behind the stove, and there was a great pan o' vittals settin' by him. I thought 'twas something she'd sot there to warm, so I says, says I, "Ain't you afraid Gruff'll be pokin' his nose into yer meat?" "Law me," says she, "that's there a purpose for him. I always set something by him when he goes to bed, so he'll find it handy if he happens to wake up hungry in the night."

"My makes," says I, "I wouldn't take all that pains for a dog." "Law me!" says she, "Gruff don't know he's a dog—he thinks he's folk."

"Well, ladies," says Miss Birsley, "if it's a possible thing, I'd like to have it decided whether we shall repair the meetin'-house or not. I think we'd better put it to vote. Then that in favor on't will please to signify it by holdin' up their right hand." Well, all the members held up their right hand exceptin' Miss Ben Stillman and Polly Mariah. "Miss Stillman," says Miss Birsley, "I see that you and Polly Mariah didn't hold up yer hands. Don't you approve o' appropriatin' the money for that purpose?"

"Well, I can't say as I disapprove on't," says Miss Stillman, "but I should think we'd better not be in a hurry about makin' up our minds what we'll do with the money."

"What's the use o' wainin'?" says Miss Birsley. "For my part, I think we should go ahead with more spirit if we had an object fixed on to work for." "I think so too," says Miss Stillman; "but you know, we'd ought to be unanimous." "Then why don't you agree with us?" says Miss Birsley; "that's the way to be unanimous."

"I mean," says Miss Stillman says she, "that we'd ought to wait till there's a full meetin' afore we vote."

"The land alive!" says Miss Birsley, "I don't know what you'd call a full meetin' if this ain't one."

"The fact is," says Polly Mariah, stretchin' her great mouth from ear to ear and displayin' all her big teeth—(Jeff says her mouth looks like an open sepulchre full o' dead men's bones)—"the fact is," says she, "mar and me of opinion that we hadn't ought to vote till Miss Samson Savage is consulted."

"Miss Samson Savage ain't a member o' the society," says Miss Birsley, "and she don't go to meetin' once in six months. I don't

know what we should wait to consult her for, I'm sure." "But you know," says Miss Stillman, "her means is such that she's able to contribute a great deal to any object she approves o'." "And we'd ought to be careful about offendin' her," says Polly Mariah, "for, you know, she withdrew'd herself from the Baptists because their sewin' society didn't dew as she wanted to have 'em."

"Did the Baptists break down after it?" says Miss Birsley. Jest then the door opened, and in marched Miss Samson Savage. But afore I go on, I'd ought to tell you something about her. She's one o' the big bugs here—that is, she's got more money than a'most anybody else in town. She was a tailoress when she was a gal, and they say she used to make a drestful sight o' mischief among the folks where she sewed. But that was when she lived in Vermont. When Mr. Savage married her, he was one o' these ere specializers. Husband says they come over Green Mountains with a spellin'-book in one hand and a halter in t'other, and if they can't git a school to teach, they can steal a hoss. When they first come to our place, he was a fellerin' the tin-peddlin' business; he used to go rumblin' round in his cart from house to house, and the rich folks rather turned up their noses at him, or he constated they did, and it made him awful wrathful; so he determined he'd be richer 'an on 'em, and pay 'em off in their own coin. Old Smith says he's heard him time and agin make his boast that he'd ride over all their heads some day—didn't seem to have no higher end in view than to be the richest man in Scorable Hill. He sot his heart and soul on't, and knowin' how to turn every cent to the best advantage, and bein' wonderful sharp at a bargain, he succeeded; everything he took hold of prospered, and without actin' bein' what you could call dishonest, afore many years everybody allowed he was the richest man in the place. So he built a great big stun house and furnished it wonderful grand; his wife wouldn't have a bit o' furniture made here—nothing would dew but she must send away to Philadelphia for 't. And such a show was never seen in our town afore. Such elegant sofas and chaises and curtains, and ever so many curious concerns that I don't know the names of, and I guess she don't neither. So she sot up for a lady. She was always a coarse, boisterous, high-tempered critter, and when her husband grow'd rich, she grow'd pompous and overbearing. She made up her mind she'd rule the roost, no matter what it cost—she'd be the first in Scorable Hill. She know'd she wa'n't a lady by natur nor by education, but she thought mabby other folks would be fools enough to think she was if she made a great parade. So she begun by dressin' more, and givin' bigger parties than anybody else. Of course, then that thinks money's the main thing, (and there's plenty such here and everywhere,) is ready to flatter her and make a fuss for her, and approve of all her doin's.

If she's anybody you won't know her, I tell ye they have to take it about east. She abuses 'em to their faces and slanders 'em to their backs. Such conduct wouldn't be put up with in a poor woman; but them that would be for drummin' me out o' town if I should act so, is ready to uphold Miss Samson Savage, and call it independence and frankness in her. She's got so she prides herself on it. She says she ain't afraid to tell folks what she thinks o' 'em—if she don't like nobody, they know it pretty soon. Husband says she wouldn't think it no harm to set her neighbor's house a fire if she does it in the daytime. She shows her independence in another way sometimes, by riggin' out in old duds that would disgrace a washerwoman, and trainin' round town, makin' calls and so forth, sometimes in an old waggin and sometimes afoot. It tickles her wonderful to hear folks whisper if they see her goin'—(Jest see Miss Savage! that'll dew for her, but 'twouldn't do for everybody.)

When she goes out in company, she 'nopolizes the bull o' the conversation. She's determined that everybody in the room shall have the benefit of all she has to say. So she talks up so awful loud that she drowns everybody else's voice, and they have to listen to her whether or no. I was to a party a spell ago where she was, and from the minnit she was in—(thank fortune she never comes any—always keeps the tea a waitin' for her)—I say, from the minnit she come in till it broke up, she talked without cessation. It did seem to me as if I should go distracted. In the course o' the evenin', somebody axed Pardon Pettibone's wife (she 'twas Katy Carey) to play on the piano, and sing; she's a beautiful player, and I'm very fond o' hearin' her. When she sot down to the piano, thinks me, Miss Savage will hold her tongue now, I'm sure. But I was mistaken. She wa'n't a gwine to be put down by a pianist, not she, so she jest pitched her voice a peg higher and went on with her stuff—all about her hired help—what Bets, the cook, done; how Sukey, the chambermaid, managed; and how Nuke, the washerwoman, carried all. I couldn't take no sense o' the music at all. Miss Stillman and Polly Mariah, and a few more, draw'd up round her and swallered all she said, but some o' the young folks that wanted to hear the music, lookt as if they wished Miss Samson Savage was fuder.

But it's plain to be seen that with all her pretensions she feels oneasy and uncomfortable in the hall time. I've noticed that yer codfish gentility always dew. She knows she's not the genuine article, and so she tries to 'hike up for 't in brass and bluster. If any o' the members hold up their right hand exceptin' Miss Ben Stillman and Polly Mariah, "Miss Stillman," says Miss Birsley, "I see that you and Polly Mariah didn't hold up yer hands. Don't you approve o' appropriatin' the money for that purpose?"

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come out—"Caroline Gipsen thought she was a gwine to apologize for her dress, so she says says she, "Oh, no apologies necessary—'twas just as well to come in as you was." "What!" says she, "I hope ye don't think I'd dressed up if I had a know'd I was a comin' here—not I. I don't believe in riggin' up to come to a sewin' meetin', as some folks dew—(here she squinted at the Skinners—they had on new plain dresses)—but 'tain't everybody that can afford to wear an old double gown. I go to Poll, my waitin'-maid, and I say, 'I go to the lumber-room and git my sunbonnet and my blue calico; the double gown; I'm a gwine out.' 'Massy sakes!' says Poll, says she, 'does Miss Savage skeer the blue double gown has got one sleeve a'most ripped out, and the linen all tore so it'll hang down below the outside round the bottom?' 'Poll,' says I, 'if 'twasn't that you're jest come out o' Pennsylvania woods, and don't know nothin' about manners yet, I'd discharge ye on the spot for darin' to question me, or make any remarks about what I order. I'll forgive ye this time on account o' yer ignorance, but if ever you dew it agin I'll git your walkin'-ticket on short order, as sure as my name's Miss Samson Savage. Now start yer stumps, and fetch them things quick matter." So she fetch 'em, and I went and done my shoppin'. On my way hom, it struck me that you was to meet here to-day, so I thinks me, I'll jest step in and see what they're up to." "Will you take some sewin'?" says Miss Birsley. "Not I, says she, 'I'll know what I'm sewin' for. What do ye calculate to dew with the money ye raise?"

"We thought," says Miss Birsley, "that is, the majority of us thought 'twould be a good idee to an enough to repair the meetin'-house and build new pulpits." "Murder!" says Miss Savage; "well, I think that wouldn't be a 'sewery' object." "So you don't approve on't," says she; "I'll approve on't." "Approve on't?" says she; "not I."

"No more don't me and Polly Mariah," says Miss Stillman. Miss Savage went on: "I'd look purty, wouldn't I, a workin' to fix up that meetin'-house for Tuttle to preach in?" "So you don't like Mr. Tuttle, ha?" says Miss Birsley. "Like him?" says she; "not I. He don't know nothin'—can't preach no more than a stone-pipe—(she hates Parson Tuttle 'cause he ain't never paid no more attention to her than he has to the rest o' the congregation)—he's as green as grass and as flat as a pancake." "That's just what mar and me thinks," says Polly Mariah Stillman. Miss Savage went on: "He don't know B from a broomstick, nor brand when the bag's open." "That's just what I think," says Miss Stillman. "I says to Mr. Stillman last Sabbath, as we was a comin' from meetin', 'Mr. Stillman,' says I, '—but what 'twas said to Mr. Stillman, dear knows, for Miss Savage didn't let her go on. 'I say,' says she, 'I'd look like a comin' to see your fingers society and workin' on't, and your fingers in Sabbath after Sabbath, and preach off jest what he's a mind to. No—ye don't ketch me a takin' a stitch for such an object. I despise Tuttle, and I'll tell you so tew his face when I git a chance. Ye don't ketch me a slanderin' folks behind their backs and then soft-soopin' 'em to their faces, as some folks does—(here she lookt at Miss Stillman and Polly Mariah.) And where's his wife, I'd like to know? Why ain't she here to work to-day? A purty piece o' business, I must say, for you all to be here a diggin' away to fix up Tuttle's meetin'-house, while she's to hum a playin' lady.' 'Miss Tuttle ain't very well,' says I. 'That's a likeli story,' says Miss Savage; and from that she went on and blazed away about Miss Tuttle at a terrible rate. Miss Stillman and Polly Mariah, and a number more o' the women, sot tew and helped her whenever they could git a word in edge-ways; and such a haulin' over Miss Tuttle and the parson got, I never heard before in all the days o' my life."

While they was in the midst on't, Miss Gipsen come to the door and axed us to walk out to tea—she'd ben out all the afternoon a gittin' it ready—so we put up our work and went out. We don't have the tea handed round at our meetin's as a general thing; we have the things sot out on a long table; the woman o' the house pours tea to one end, and we all stan' round and help ourselves. It's very convenient, especially where they don't keep no help. Well, we all took hold, and for a while Parson Tuttle and his wife and everybody else had a resin' spell, for even Miss Samson Savage had other use for her tongue. She believes in dewin' one thing to once. When she eats she eats—and when she talks she talks.

And we had a real nice tea, I tell ye—biscuit and butter, and crackers and cheese, and cold meat and pickles, and custards, and whipt cream, and three kinds o' preserves, and four kinds o' cake, and what not—I couldn't help o' thinkin' that the money laid out on that tea would be a good way tow'ards the new pulpit.

"What delightful biscuit," says Miss Grimes. "They are so," says Miss Skinner; "but Miss Gipsen never has poor biscuit." "O, shaw!" says Miss Gipsen, "you ain't in earnest; my biscuit is miserable—not a hint so good as common. I don't think the flour's first rate." "Miss Gipsen, how dew you make crackers?" says Miss Stillman; "I never tasted none so good." "Now you don't mean it," says Miss Gipsen. "I can make good crackers, but then's very poor; the oven wa'n't jest right when I put 'em in." "I must have another piece o' this biscuit, it's so good," says Miss Lippincott. "Where did you git it?" "Well, I got it of old Daddy Sharp; he generally makes excellent cheese, but I tell Mr. Gipsen old Sharp's failed for once—that's what I call poor cheese." "Dew taste o' this plain sausage, Miss Peabody," says Miss Brewster; "I never see the heat on't." "I'd rather have these peaches," says Miss Peabody; "they're delicious. It is a mystery to me how Miss Gipsen always has such luck with her preserves. I never dew, and I always take pains for pound tew." "This apple-jelly's the clearest I ever see," says Miss Gipsen. "How did you make it, Miss Gipsen?" "Didn't you dew it in the sun? I'm sure it don't look as if it ever was nigh the fire." "Now don't speak o' that jelly," says Miss Gipsen. "I told Caroline I was ashamed o' my jelly after Miss Parker's, and I was a'most sorry I'd made any preserves since I'd eat some o' Miss Peabody's and Miss Skinner's, theirs was so much nicer."

So they went on. The whipt cream and custard had to be gone over; Miss Gipsen had to tell how 'twas made—what flavorin' she used, and all that—though she declared she was ashamed on't. The cake was praised up; they must know how much better there was in this, how many eggs it took for that, and so forth. Miss Gipsen, of course, run it down—she could make good cake, but somehow she failed that time. A person that didn't know how wimmen always go on at such a place, would a thought that

Miss Gipsen had tried to have everything the miserabest she possibly could, and that the rest on 'em had never had anything to hum but what was miserabest yet.

Well, everything artly comes to an end, and so did that tea after a spell, and purty soon after we went home. Miss Stillman invited us to meet to their house next time. She urged Miss Samson Savage to come; and I don't doubt but what she will if she thinks there's any chance for kicking up a muss. I was in to Miss Birsley's the next day, and she and I talked it over. She says we haint accomplished much yet, for some o' the work's done so miserabest 'twon't never sell in creation without it's picked out and done over better. The rest is put together wrong, and has got to be taken to pieces whether or no. For my part, I feel very much discouraged about the Sewin' Society.

TIT FOR TAT.

A lady of acquaintance received a present from a lady neighbor of a very splendid looking pie, the day before Thanksgiving. Little civilities of this kind had frequently passed between the two, and the present in question was received and the usual compliments returned. The pie was placed on the tea table on Thanksgiving day, and a pretty pie it was, so nicely ornamented and so rich looking—every eye at the table eyed it with a wishful look; and more, it had saved our hostess the trouble of making pie for that day. Pie time came. The pie was carefully cut into a dozen pieces, for it was a large pie—and the carving done, a piece was taken up to place on the plate of a guest, when it was found to contain not 'four and twenty little birds' but 'fiftyness enough to cover twice as many. Nobody took pie, but every one laughed heartily except our hostess, and she went to slate and was observed to put down, "Dr. to donor of pie I."

The recipient of the pie was observed one afternoon making crullers and doughnuts; a more skillful hand at pastry—especially of the above description, would be difficult to find—these always look so delicate and light, and taste delicious—we know it. The crullers, &c., were done and browned to a t. A snow white cloth was laid in a neat little basket and the pastry carefully deposited thereon and covered over. The little daughter of a neighbor was dispatched with them to the maker and donor of the feather pie, who had company to tea that evening—with ma's compliments. They looked so rich and nice that they were forthwith placed on the tea table as the tea was nearly ready. When the little messenger returned and reported progress, the donor took down her slate and rubbed out "Dr. to donor of pie I."

The company sat down at the table and the first cup of tea was drunk, but the crullers were reserved for the second cup, which was no sooner served, than they were handed round, and as each one took a cruller, the remark was made, "how beautiful," and the question put, "who's your baker?" Another second and several had simultaneously bitten a tiny dainty little bit off one end, when lo! on drawing the hand away, there were five or six strings of cotton batting extending a "feet" from the mouths to the hands of the guests, looking for all the world like so many persons imitating Signor Bliz at the ribbon trick. You may imagine the scene that ensued, but we cannot describe it. Corset laces suffered somewhat we guess. The crullers with the nice pastry would have deceived the most skillful pastry cook. Accounts stand square between the ladies at present and are likely to remain so, for each is afraid of receiving anything from the other lest she should become her debtor one.

THE USED UP POLITICIAN.

Peter Brush was in a dilapidated condition—out at the elbows, out at the knees, out of pocket, and out of spirits, and out in the streets, an "out and out" in every respect. He sat on the curbstone, leaning his head upon his hands, his elbow being placed on a stepping stone. Mr. Brush had for some time been silent, absorbed in deep thought, which he relieved at intervals by spitting through his teeth, forcibly into the gutter. At length, heaving a deep sigh, he spoke:

"They used to tell me, don't put your trust in prices, and I haven't. None o' 'em ever wanted to borrow money of me, and I never saw any of them to borrow nothin' of them. Prices! pooh! put not your trust in politicians! Them's my sentiments. There's no two mediums about that. Havn't I been serving my country like a patriot for this five years, going to meetings; huzzing my day-lights out, and getting blue as hazzen's; havin' I broken windows, got licked fifteen times, carried off to know how and why, and my head and broken bones for the good of the commonwealth, and the purity of legal rights; and for what? Why for 'nix!"

"If any good has come out of it, the country has put the whole of it in her pocket, and swindled me out of my earnings. I can't get no office. Republics is ungrateful! I don't want any reward for my services! I only want to be took good care of, and have nothing to do. Being taken good care of was the main thing. Republics is ungrateful, I'm swagged if they ain't! I love my country, and I wanted an office, I didn't care what it was, and I wanted to take care of my country, and I wanted my country to take care of me. Head work is the trade I'm for—talkin', that's my line. Talkin' in the oyster cellar, in the bar-room, anywhere. I can talk all day, only stopping for meals, and wet my whistle. But parties is all alike. I've been on all sides, tried 'em, and I know none of them give me anything, and I've a great mind to knock off, and call it half a day."

BRIDGE'S MILL.

THE SUBSCRIBER'S GRIST MILL having been refitted for grinding all descriptions of coarse Grain, its old capacity is increased to 100 bushels per week. It is believed this Mill can turn out as good flour as any in the State. WM. BRIDGE, Proprietor. August 10, 1868.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

COUNTRY TEACHERS and others in want of School Books, can be supplied on the most reasonable terms, by calling at GAUBERT'S Bookstore, No. 10 Arch Street, Boston, Sept. 10, 1868.

Phalanx Chemical Hair Invigorator.

TO PREVENT THE HAIR FROM FALLING OFF, and to effectually cure Scalp or Dandruff. This is the best and most reliable preparation for the hair, and is recommended by G. W. JONES and MILLINGHAM & TITCOMB. Sept. 10, 1868.

MELODEONS—A New Invention.

NEWLY INVENTED PORTABLE MELODEONS, in Keys, with a stationary top and finger board, like a Piano, made to blow with the mouth, and a beautiful instrument for the Parlor and Church; equal in richness of tone to the best parlor organ, and at such low prices. Also, the complete Melodeon, round Melodeons, Accordeons, with books of instruction, at Boston, N. B. TATELDER.

MONUMENTS, GRAVE STONES, MANTLE PIECES, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER would inform their friends and the public generally, that they still continue to carry on the business of erecting and placing on the graves, in the City of New York, and in the State of New York, and in the State of New Jersey, and in the State of Pennsylvania, and in the State of Maryland, and in the State of Delaware, and in the State of Virginia, and in the State of North Carolina, and in the State of South Carolina, and in the State of Georgia, and in the State of Florida, and in the State of Alabama, and in the State of Mississippi, and in the State of Louisiana, and in the State of Texas, and in the State of Arkansas, and in the State of Missouri, and in the State of Illinois, and in the State of Indiana, and in the State of Ohio, and in the State of Michigan, and in the State of Wisconsin, and in the State of Minnesota, and in the State of Iowa, and in the State of Kansas, and in the State of Nebraska, and in the State of Colorado, and in the State of New Mexico, and in the State of Arizona, and in the State of California, and in the State of Nevada, and in the State of Idaho, and in the State of Utah, and in the State of Wyoming, and in the State of Montana, and in the State of North Dakota, and in the State of South Dakota, and in the State of Nebraska, and in the State of Kansas, and in the State of Oklahoma, and in the State of Texas, and in the State of Arkansas, and in the State of Missouri, and in the State of Illinois, and in the State of Indiana, and in the State of Ohio, and in the State of Michigan, and in the State of Wisconsin, and in the State of Minnesota, and in the State of Iowa, and in the State of Kansas, and in the State of Nebraska, and in the State of Colorado, and in the State of New Mexico, and in the State of Arizona, and in the State of California, and in the State of Nevada, and in the State of Idaho, and in the State of Utah, and in the State of Wyoming, and in the State of Montana, and in the State of North Dakota, and in the State of South Dakota, and in the State of Nebraska, and in the State of Kansas, and in the State of Oklahoma, and in the State of Texas, and in the State of Arkansas, and in the State of Missouri, and in the State of Illinois, and in the State of Indiana, and in the State of Ohio, and in the State of Michigan, and in the State of Wisconsin, and in the State of Minnesota, and in the State of Iowa, and in the State of Kansas, and in the State of Nebraska, and in the State of Colorado, and in the State of New Mexico, and in the State of Arizona, and in the State of California, and in the State of Nevada, and in



at Stove in use, why so many at-  
tention? This suit was brought to as-  
sure the infringement, and after a  
thorough investigation, these rights were  
sustaining this patent.  
AND of these Stoves are now in  
this multitude, the past year, re-  
sulting in this Stove, than ever was  
found in any other Stove. The  
great value in equaling the heat  
of the steam, causing the bread,  
and quick—and giving the heat  
of the steam, causing the bread,  
in front, is complete. The sum-  
mering, trying, boiling, heating of  
The great economy in fuel, sub-  
stantially general good quality of this  
universal admiration.  
Copper and Tin Ware Establish-  
ment, Kennebec House, Augusta,  
E. D. NORCROSS.

**HANDLERY.**  
Rens, Tar, Duck, Purchase  
of Ship Chandlery, constantly on  
lowest prices, by  
GEO. WILLIAMS.  
6m26

**Lions Lamp Oil.**  
Winter Sperm Oil, 10 lbs. do. Fall  
Bleached Winter Whale Oil, 10  
lb. do. Also, Unbleached Sperm  
Oil, 10 lb. do. For sale low by  
E. LADD and WM. S. CRAIG.

**INSURANCE!**  
The appointed agent of the Hol-  
ten Insurance Company, Au-  
gusta, to receive applications at  
BENJAMIN A. G. FULLER.  
1846.

**J. ORMSBY,  
LAMSON & CO.,**  
STORE OF J. MEANS & SON,  
ing Tools, English and American  
s, Beckwith's Patent Boring Ma-  
chine, and some other articles that  
else.  
dozen Hay Rakes.  
3m49

**STOVES!!**  
at the SIGN OF THE STATUE  
North's Block, Augusta, the  
es, Paragon, Atlantic, Washington  
Cooking Stoves.  
American Air-Tight,  
anted EQUAL, to any Stove in the  
country, Consequence and Durable-  
ness Improved, Hathaway Improved,  
in Fine, Revolving Fine, Capitol,  
vent, Trojan Pioneer, Kennebec,  
light Rotary, Bay State, S. Pierce's  
Stoves; the Boston Cook Stove, 5  
one, warranted, and the Castings  
for Cook, Cottage Air-Tight, do-  
sheet Iron Parlor, Com. and A. T.  
Cylinder Cook and Cylinder Stoves;  
Fire Frames; Oven, Ash, and  
Fire Dogs, Wagon Boxes, Com.  
Wooden, Brimbleton, Kennebec,  
ARE: Cast Iron Pumps; Nail-  
ing Materials, House Furnishing  
Coffers, all for sale cheap, for  
GEORGE STARRETT.  
Work made to order.  
44

**R-LUMBER.**  
notice to those who may be desir-  
ing to keep constantly on hand  
as Pine, Hemlock or Hard Wood  
ST and TIMBER. Also, CLAP-  
PES, of all qualities, which he will  
at his House in Watthrop, or de-  
liver. He will also furnish frames  
for notice, or contract to build, re-  
sulting in buildings, in as good style  
as can be done by any one in the  
tendency to  
ALBERT STURTEVANT.  
846.

**E AND CHAIRS.**  
WELLS, Nos. 6 & 7,  
Bridge's Block, has on hand,  
prices.  
Bureaus, Bedsteads, Crea-  
tors, Grecian, Work,  
Common Birch and Toi-  
let Tables.  
; Wash and Light Stands, Ma-  
and Pine Sinks, Cribs, Willow  
and Carriages, Mahogany, Rock-  
Saw and Wood Seal CHAIRS;  
Palm leaf and Cotton Mat  
Fancy Boxes, best Copal Var-  
and Veneers, and various other  
e Coffins of all sizes.  
26.

**CHINE SHOP.**  
& BROTHERS,  
give notice that they have taken  
formerly occupied by W. WAL-  
ter HAND LATHES, TURN-  
ING MACHINES for IRON,  
S and SCREW TOOLS, includ-  
ed in Machine Shop. Also,  
and Machinery repaired.  
ation will be paid to all kinds of  
at end of Kennebec Dam.  
1

**CKERY WARE**  
and Weldon in England.  
is now opening a complete as-  
sortment of CHINA, STONE, and GLASS  
ware, direct from the manufac-  
turing late styles and patterns of  
Granite, White Canton Stone,  
at Blue Ware,  
Office, and Toilet Sets; Pitchers,  
cups, together with a great variety  
of glass, Etc., and Cream Col'd  
ment of Glass Ware; Tum-  
blers, vases, Biscuits, Creamers,  
tardis, Salts, Pitchers, Preser-  
ers, Lanterns, Entry Lamps, Solar  
Shades, Chimneys, Wicks, &c.,  
and various articles of Glass, Porcelain,  
and Loggins, Torch Boxes, and Vases  
Britannia Coffee and Tea Pots,  
&c.; Communion Service for  
Knives and Forks, Spoons, Tea  
in Live Geese and Sea Fowl  
Looking Glasses, Paper Hangers,  
varieties of House Keeping  
articles not enumerated, all of which  
are sold at the public are respectfully  
ne. 42 Oct., 1846.

**WARREN'S**  
to Wild Cherry Physi-  
50 cents per Bottle.  
mato and Wild Cherry Bitters  
standard medicine, universally  
as a safe, speedy and effectual  
remedy, in Catarrhs, Diseases;  
Diarrhea, Bilious Disorders, Liver  
Weakness, Sore Stomach, Ul-  
ceration of the Lungs, Pain in  
the Throat, Rheumatic Affections,  
and Humors, Eruptions on the  
Skin, King's Evil, Chronic Ca-  
rry, Headache, Distress, Sallow  
complexion, and all the impure  
in an impure taint in the blood,  
nted is prepared after directions  
Dr. Warren, whose name it bears,  
or to any preparation of the kind  
concentrated, entirely vegetable,  
to the taste. The change which  
on and tendency of the system is  
the purifying the blood, strengthen-  
ing, and checking all consumptive  
Tumors and Wild Cherry Bitters  
Prepared and sold by DAVID F.  
Washington street, Boston.  
L. Ladd, and S. Brooks, Hat  
Page & Co.; Gardner, S. Smith,  
A. G. Page, Belfast, Washburn  
Ladd, Portland, Blunt &  
& Dow, and by the dealers in  
about New England. 1750

**NE FARMER,**  
URSDAY MORNINGS,  
ELL EATON,  
Bank, Water St. Augusta  
OLKES, Editor.  
and seventy-five cents per annum  
dollars, if paid within the year,  
s, if payment is delayed beyond  
es, four cents.  
I obtain six good subscribers shall

## NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF THE

# CARRIER BOY

OF THE

# MAINE FARMER.

## JANUARY 1, 1849.

SCENE.—Maine Farmer Office at the last hour of the  
last day of the last week of the last month of the last  
year. Sundry P. D's. yawning and distributing—  
Boss setting down the tokens—Bill popping corn—Rend  
studying the map of California, and Turk, the stub-tail  
Terrier, under the table mauling a bone. Enter  
Time with his glass run out—his nose blue—tears in his  
eyes, and his wings loaded with icicles.

JERRY. Walk in, Old Time. We're glad again  
To shake your hand, old honest hand—  
Pray how 're you been since last you were here,  
And started what was then new year?  
Come, sit you down, and chat awhile,  
And while you're resting, pray beguile  
The moments with the pleasant story  
Of what events you've driven before ye.  
It is not long, we all well know,  
Since you were here; but as you go  
With three more speed than Morse can send  
His lightning news from end to end  
Of Telegraphic wires—you must  
Have raised 'long bipeds no small dust.  
Bill—shake the popper, parch the corn—  
John, stop the press—unlock the form—  
Go lay down, Turk, and stop your yell—  
And now, good Father Time, "propel."

TIME. I' faith, good friends, I tell you what,  
It's no small job, in one short chat,  
To tell you all that I have done,  
Since I the last year first begun.  
But yet I'll say, and well you know it,  
I've blocked out themes for many a poet;  
And sage historians hard will sweat,  
Before one half they can relate.  
You know, when I was in your office  
Last year, and found you was no novice,  
But knew consid'able, if not more,  
Of things I long had done before—  
I thought, as I got up to go,  
'Mong Yankees I've not much to do;  
So I'll e'en look across the Ocean,  
And put old Europe in commotion—  
Give old sleepy Kings a shaking,  
And set the Lolly ones to quaking:  
For fear their ancient power and might  
Should fall before the spread of light,  
That, kindled on Columbia's shores,  
Now burns o'er Europe's ancient towers,  
Now burns to all her world'ring sons,  
How worthless are those gaily crowns,  
If all their splendor and their might  
Be based upon the poor man's right.  
Gods! what a rattling there I made!  
In the whole land scarce one crown'd head  
Dared show itself in open day,  
But run and hid, and skulked away—  
Afraid to stay and 'fend their cause,  
When tried by even-handed laws.  
The first with whom I raised a squall,  
Was Louis Philippe—King of Gaul—  
Who thought himself so firmly placed  
Upon the throne which he disgraced,  
That nought but death, and hardly he,  
Could oust him of his royalty.  
Alas, poor man! In one short hour  
He found himself devoid of power:  
His throne dismantled—Sceptre gone,  
And he once more a vagabond.  
You know the rest—how Freedom's fire,  
When once enkindled, all inspire.  
But let that pass—I cannot tell  
The wondrous things that have befall  
The whole great family of man,  
Since eighteen forty-eight began.  
One thing I've done—which long will live,

In memory of those, who give  
Their minds and strength, and oft have sold  
Their precious souls for Mammon's gold.  
Of all desires, since I began  
To whirl this planet round the sun,  
I've found not one was half so strong,  
Or universal 'mong the throng  
Of human souls—or kept such hold,  
As that of hoarding yellow gold.  
Of sins this was the greatest source,  
To mortals this the greatest curse.  
I saw that nothing in itself  
Could recommend such worthless pelf,  
And that, if plenty, soon 't would cease  
To be a cause of such distress.  
To stop the trouble, then, I've told  
Where could be found such lots of gold,  
That all the world can be supplied,  
And avarice itself be choy'd.  
But, come, good friends—thanks for your cheer—  
'Tis time to start another year:  
But ere I go, pray lend a hand—  
Oil up the gudgeon, strain the land  
Of that great versifying Press,  
And grind us out a New Address.

JERRY. Come, boys, fly round, and let us give Old  
Father Time a shove or two, to tickle his fancy before  
he starts. Bill, put the index up to the six by eight  
diatic. We have had no deaths or marriages, in the  
office, this year; so we'll go it on the monotonous.  
REUEL. Nor births neither, by gosh!—git out,  
Turk.

**CARRIER'S ADDRESS.**  
Dear Patrons, 'mid the busy throng  
That crowds its way so blithe along,  
With buoyant hope elate—  
This wish I'd proffer to your ear,  
May happiness throughout the year  
On every one await.  
Right quickly hath the old year gone  
Down the dark gulf whence none return—  
Laden with great events;  
And Time on ceaseless, restless wings,  
That every hour and season brings,  
Another one presents.  
'Tis wise to pause, and by the past  
Learn, ere the fatal die is cast,  
And life become a void,  
To use with care each golden hour,  
With every talent in our power,  
Nor spend them unemploy'd.  
With cordial wish to help you on,  
And as a guide to what's been done,  
We humbly would refer  
To the broad sheet we've weekly brought,  
With news and worldly wisdom fraught,  
And things as they occur.  
We've told you how old Europe's sons  
Have burst the fetters and the bonds  
Which long have bound them down;  
And how these hardy sons of toil—  
True owners of their native soil—  
Have humbled many a crown.  
How gallant France, inspired with love  
Of Freedom's laws, triumphant drove  
All tyrants from her land.  
And—filled with patriotic zeal,  
Such as Republicans can feel—  
Her people took command.  
We've shown how, like Electric shock,  
Each neighboring nation quick partook  
Of this same holy fire:

Like giants rising in their might,  
Put every royal host to flight,  
And crush'd their accursed power.  
Save one—and that—Green Erin's Isle  
Remains the conquering Lion's spoil:  
Who, by his bloody laws,  
Condemns her gallant sons to die  
In dungeons foul, or on gallows high,  
For deeds in Freedom's cause.  
But Courage, Erin—Ne'er despair—  
That Lion, in his Royal hair,  
Is doomed to bite the dust;  
And all your gallant chieftains be riven,  
By mandate of avenging heaven,  
As sure as God is just.  
We've told you too, how—tired of blood,  
Which flowed in torrents like a flood  
O'er ancient Aste's Plain—  
Such torments were proffered and received,  
Which caused the aggressor and the aggrieved  
From bloody feuds refrain.  
And how kind words, when filly said,  
Each boisterous passion calmly laid,  
And laid their anger cease;  
And o'er each country's glorious land  
Was spread, as if by angel's hand,  
The Halcyon wing of Peace.  
And how, as soon as Yankee skill  
Began to build the noisy mill  
Where Sacramento roll'd;  
Her sands, which ne'er had been explored,  
Were found on every hand to afford  
Exhaustless stores of gold.  
And how, soon as the news was known  
That Mammon's hiding place was found  
On far Pacific's shore;  
All his disciples hied away,  
From stripling young, to leader gray,  
To clutch the yellow ore.  
There let them dig with sordid care,  
But we more peaceful toil will share,  
Amid more quiet scenes;  
Our lands we'll plough—our farms we'll till—  
And barns and bursting granaries fill  
With golden fruits and grains.  
Content with health and competence,  
Eschewing fraud and violence,  
The arts of peace reverse;  
Apply to all our deeds the rules  
That's taught in all the christian schools,  
With love and holy fear.  
And that, with more consummate skill,  
Each one his duty might fulfil,  
And wisely act his part—  
We've spread before you all the lore  
That we could gather from the store  
Of Agricultural art.  
And now as each revolving year  
Is bringing every one more near  
To God's eternal throne—  
May this, which we've just entered on,  
Be rightly spent—and when it's gone,  
Be bless'd to every one.  
Farewell—accept the humble prayer  
Of one whose hourly, daily care  
Has been to serve you well.  
May all, God's richest gifts enjoy,  
Is the heart-felt wish of your CARRIER BOY—  
God bless you all—Farewell.